

And So To Bed

BY PHILIP MATTHAMS

A Dialogue Between Bed No. 1 and Mr. S. Claus in the Hospital

"Well! Look at this! How did you manage to get in here Santa? It's not visiting hours and you might be disturbing the patients."

"I admit that I'm breaking rules but then night time is my usual time for visiting and I had to call here to complete my lists."

"Is it anything important you want? Good thing you came right here, for that screen, put there to keep the light out of my eyes, hides you from the night nurses and Sam, our orderly, wouldn't disturb anyone, so you can feel comparatively safe."

"Really I have to find out what will be needed here next Tuesday and what will best suit everybody."

"You'll have to be a prophet or something to see to that, for, in the words of the economists, we have a floating population—nothing to do with kidneys or loose livers—but you never know who's coming in or going out next. We've got nineteen now and when I came in I had the last bed in thirty-two. Nurses have been getting sick too and there was a great shipment of patients out last week. Nineteen as many as our nurses can handle and it's a good job they are not all like old No. 4 or No. 5 was."

"You seem to know something about the people here, perhaps you could help me in my job. I can sum up people fairly well but their faces are rather deceptive when they're in hospital."

"My range is rather limited being at one end of the ward but as it's the door end I'm in on most everything. I'd like to get up but that's forbidden and show you round to everybody. Anyway let's assume we're making staff rounds, with me telling the history and you making the diagnosis and planning your treatment."

"We'll have to make it quick but accurate."

"I should say quick and snappy, because talking at night is forbidden."

"Proceed, I'm all ears."

"Let's begin right opposite us with No. 31. B—whose been in there for the last few days is quite a new comer. Previous to him there were two Mac's—Irish Mac's I guess. First they shifted Old Mac, down from 26 to 31. He was in a bad way with his heart. What I liked about him was his deep rumbling sonorous voice, which only uttered monosyllables, filling the whole ward. Must have been a chess fiend for he had a pocket set on his table though he didn't use it much while in No. 31. His daughter had the most lovely Irish eyes I've seen, only I saw them filled with tears mostly. The other Mac didn't stay very long. Had pneumonia rather bad and was delirious. I couldn't help smiling at his little habit of taking off his bed shirt and jacket, and getting out of bed. He or his pin him in how they would he got out eventually. A special orderly had to come for him. The first time I saw him he mentioned for a smoke so

I threw him a cigarette. He looked as though he would have eaten it rather than hand it to the nurse which eventually happened, at least they got it. There wasn't much hand-out about it. He was dying for a smoke and never got one. I don't think there's any need to worry about presents for these two Macs."

"Yes, but who is B—in No. 31 now?"

"You must pull me up if I'm rambling, and blame it on my fever. B—is a Frenchman, with pneumonia, who won't believe that he has it. Got out of bed and called his wife up to bring his clothes in Sunday as he was going home. When he knew he wasn't he was in a pickle. When the priest came by he called him and with genuine tears told him he couldn't stay any longer. Why? Because it would cost too much and it he spent the money on hospitals he couldn't make a Christmas for the wife and kiddies and what would they do. He seemed pacified and when the wife came, it was the happiest picture I've seen in this ward. Makes you want to be married. Now No. 30 is a bit different he—"

"Just a minute what would you recommend for No. 31?"

"Well, as I said at first I'm just giving the history, you got to make prescriptions for treatment. I don't handle money enough to buy presents."

"Don't you keep Christmas then?"

"Oh yes, in spirit I guess but not in kind, and I try and make the whole year Christmas."

"That would make me rather busy you know, and rather worn out by the end of the year. It would drag, you know."

"Yes, there are a lot of people glad that there are not a lot of people who think like me—but No. 30, his name sounds as though he belongs to the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers. Quiet dry old stick and does enjoy his smoke in spite of having rather thick lungs. At first he used to talk in his sleep but that's too intimate and has no bearing on this matter. Has a couple of old foggies come to see him every Sunday, been working together for eighteen years. Sounds like as if he's English born anyway his daughters show it, clothes, talk, attitude and everything. Guess the best for No. 30 is two daughters who can talk to him when they visit him. No. 29 has a gang that can show them a good example, why when they—"

"Yes, just so, that's all about No. 30."

"Well you can't get much juice out of a dry stick, can you? No. 29 is young and full of juice, wrong kind of juice though, he's a good thing when his lungs are clear. Plucky young kid worked till he dropped, then got sent to hospital quick. He's the other Mac, Irish called Young Mac, you remember the other two in 31. Last Saturday he got peevish because the

(Continued on page three.)

The Innkeeper

"My hostelry is full tonight—
Tonight I cannot let you in,
I've no accommodation," said
The keeper of the inn.

Ah, had he known he might have made
His modest inn a house of fame,
Ten thousand weary palmers might
Have blessed his reverend name.

The Bible might have chronicled
His kindly tale for all the earth—
How he had saved the Son of Man
From His so humble birth.

Folish soul! He did not know
That he had missed his chance to be
The first to pay his homage to
The Man of Galilee

Oh, blind he was who did not see
The halo shining round Her head;
For Her I would have turned my best
Rich guest from out his bed.

Oh God, if thou dost send again,
A son to die on Calvary,
Send His Virgin Mother to
My humble hostelry!

S. I. HAYAKAWA.

The Daily Wishes Its Readers

A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year

Acting Principals Message



Sir Arthur Currie



Dean Martin

To the Students of McGill University:

On the eve of your Christmas vacation I am delighted on behalf of the University authorities to send greetings to each one of you and to wish you not only a happy vacation but a very successful and contented New Year.

You will all be gratified to hear that your Principal is now completely restored to health and is merely extending his vacation in order to conform to the wishes of his medical advisers. He writes of his impatience to return to his duties and is looking forward with very special joy to the Spring, when he will be back again at his desk, ready to accord his wonted welcome to each member of the student body.

C. F. MARTIN
ACTING-PRINCIPAL.

Three Cameos

By E. S. Fay

ONE

St. Catherine Street West at 3.30 of a grey winter's morning. Rush, hurry, bustle. Snow falling aimlessly on packed street-car and gliding freight-sleigh. People dashing from one car to another clutching transfers while they hastily avoid slithering automobiles. Business men in Derbies taking things more leisurely; stenographers in the semi-latest fashions usually hurrying, usually late; clerks striding with turned up collars and ruddy noses. Over all an air of purpose: a feeling that here things are starting, moving, getting under weigh, that a day's work is going to be done.

TWO

St. Catherine Street West at noon in early spring. Everybody contented and happy; the world full of colour and sunshine. Along the sidewalks the shopping crowd thronged briskly, a gay crowd, fashionable and leisured; splendid limousines are drawn up by the curb waiting while my lady chooses her spring millinery; bright roadsters, emerged from their long hibernation, flash along the street; even the trams seem to move more quickly. Everything appears new and strange, the shining pavements divested at last from their winter garment of snow, the people in their new spring clothes, the buildings unaccustomedly light under a cloudless heaven. One feels springtime working in one's veins, the feeling of comradeship with one's fellow mortals, the longing to get away to the country and the lake, and the strongest desire of all, the indefinable yearning of spring—for what? The wish to achieve something, to produce something, to glory in something—but presently, and now to dally, to enjoy youth and life.

THREE

St. Catherine Street West at night, any night. There may be fantastic cloud-shapes sailing above in all their unearthly glory and yelling as they pass a faery crescent moon, there may be a crowded heaven of stars such as the mind associates with dew on grass. There may be but no one of the festal company on St. Catherine Street West will heed them. The fantasy they seek is thrown on a screen and needs no interpretation; their stars are the flashing electric signs which scintillate

(Continued on page six.)

Carols of Noel

By D. J. Munn

Old French Noel; Burgundian Noel; Norman Noel; Poltyn, Nau; German, Weihnachtslied; Old English, Nowell or Nouel, Christmas Carol, a peculiar kind of hymn or canticle of mediæval origin, composed and sung in honour of the nativity of Our Lord. The word Noel has so long been accepted as the French equivalent for Christmas, that we may safely dispense with a dissertation upon its etymology. Moreover, whatever opinions may be entertained as to its root, it is impossible to doubt the propriety of retaining it as the generic name of the carol; for we continually find it embodied in the Christmas hymn or Motet in the form of a joyous exclamation; and it is almost certain that this particular kind of hymn was first cultivated either in France or Burgundy and commonly used there in very ancient times.

Of the numerous early examples which have fortunately been preserved to us, the most interesting is undoubtedly "Famous Prose de L'Ane". This curious carol was annually sung at Beauvais and Sens on the feast of the Circumcision as early as the 12th century; and formed an important part of a ceremonial connected with a certain popular festival, called the Fete de L'Ane, on which an ass richly caparisoned and bearing upon its back a young maiden with a child in her arms; led through the city, in commemoration of the flight into Egypt, and it was finally brought on solemn procession to the cathedral, while the people chanted a quaint, but by no means unmelodious, ditty.

Scarcely less popular in Germany than the Prose de L'Ane in France were the beautiful carols (Resonet in Laudibus) (Wir Loben All Das Kindlein) (Dies Est Lactans) (Der Tag Ist So Freundlich)—the latter was well known in Holland. Both these examples are believed to be as old as the thirteenth century, as is also another (Tempus Adest Floridum) also of a most tuneful character. (In Dulci Jubilo)—a curious mixture of Latin and Patois, was set to a deliciously simple melody, possibly of a somewhat later date.

These early forms were succeeded in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by carols, treated with more or less success, in the polyphonic style. The credit of having first so treated

Faith

By N. A. Levitsky

Ding! Dong! Wedding bells, festival chimes, funeral knells, all they were to old Marty.

He sat gloomily on the sand of his desolate islet, facing the village across the wind-blown salt. He had been in that position since noon but for a long time already the sun had ceased shining on his back.

He sat and waited. The angry waves, lashed on by a December wind, smashed against the rocky shore, and splattered spray into his wrinkled, bewhiskered face.

Ding! Dong! The village bells sounded. Marty began to wonder whether, No. He wouldn't wonder whether she would return. He shouldn't. He couldn't doubt her word. His duty was to wait as he had then promised.

The wind came blowing hard against his back. Ding! Dong! came through the air, but now in a low tone. The bells seemed far away. His mind followed them back in his life. Years passed by, twenty-two of them, since he and Lisa went up to the altar of that very Church from which he now heard the Christmas chimes.

The wind careened and the chimes became slightly louder. Memories slipped again. She had gone to London, but promised to be back for Christmas. That was twelve long years ago.

Ding! Dong! The wind glew strong from the east, and crashed the breakers high against the rocks with an unearthly roar.

He looked onto the waters and watched. Lisa would not lie she said she would return, and return she would. He would wait. The waves dashed higher. He fixed his gaze, and shuddered. There she was—her black hair so plainly visible against the white crests of the foaming billows. He jumped up. "Lisa!" he cried. "I see you, here I am."

The chimes came in louder. Ding! Dong! over his body.

Ding! Dong! Wedding bells, festival chimes, funeral knells—all they were to old Marty.

them is generally given to Francois Lestache du Courroy Maitre de Chapelle to Charles the Ninth, Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth, on the strength of a collective of pieces entitled "Melanges de la Musique" and published at Paris in 1619. The year following his decease. But Giovanni

(Continued on page six.)

A Tune a Day

BY H. C. REID

In thinking over a day or month or period of time that has gone by, I have often found to my regret that the incidents that stood out with the most prominence and vividness were minor petty details scarcely worth recalling. Once in a while during a function of importance or in a moment of ecstasy, I have thought to myself that such events were the ones that I should like to be sure of remembering when looking backward in later years. But I was forced to confine my regrets to vague wishes and schemes, and to rely, as I found by experience, on some kind of chance or some queer kink in my memory to preserve the vividness of a face, a tone of voice or the atmosphere of a gathering.

What I have just said never came in such clear form to my mind before a certain conversation with my good friend Albert, during which he supplied me with the memory scheme that I am about to describe. My present ability to picture past events in as lifelike a form as they were, I owe to Albert.

I was walking along the street with Albert one day, and, as is my custom when I am at a loss for something to say, I was whistling. I knew that this annoyed Albert and that he would supply a topic of conversation at any moment. The tune happened to be a jazz piece "Hallelujah!" at that time over a year old.

Sure enough, Albert broke in with the type of inconsequential remark by which he was accustomed to stop my whistling.

"That reminds me of the day I quit my first job harvesting," he said.

I am patient but I do get tired of Albert forever talking of harvesting. "What reminds you?" I asked. "That tune you're whistling."

"What tune am I whistling?" "Why, 'Hallelujah!'"

"Well, why should 'Hallelujah!' remind you of harvesting?" I asked, deciding to yield for a few minutes to another of his harvester stories, since this one appeared to have an odd tune.

"Because I whistled 'Hallelujah!' myself the last day I worked on this first job," replied Albert.

"Go on!" I demanded expectantly. "Go on to what?" returned Albert.

"Well, you talk as if it was a premeditated thing to whistle 'Hallelujah!' the last day you were working."

"So it was. How did you guess?" murmured Albert.

Albert said nothing for a moment. Knowing as I did his leaning towards unusual theories, I was, I may say, eagerly anxious that he would tell me what was behind his hints.

He looked at me and spoke in a kind of cynical way to cover up his

enthusiasm in case I did not respond to his mood: "Jim, I've spent hours and hours working out a theory and, if you'll believe it, weeks of hard manual labor in the West putting to test this theory that I worked out that last afternoon I stood on my first harvest job. If I tell it to you—you'll be the first to hear it—will you listen without laughing and without any dirty cracks?"

"Yes," I affirmed solemnly. "It's the first time that I ever put this idea into words," he went on. "But I never persevered with any of my theories so thoroughly, and I think I can say that I've proved its usefulness."

"When I got on the harvester train in Montreal last fall," he began, "one of the popular tunes going around was 'That Certain Party' and one of the boys sang and whistled that song all the first day on the train. We finally had to compel him to quit. But now I'm grateful to that fellow more than I know, because when I got to the lonely farm in the West, I found that all I had to do to recall every detail of the fun of the first day on the train, was to whistle 'That Certain Party'."

"I would get out in a field of sheaves with no company and with nothing to do all day but make stooks, and I was desperate enough as it was, but I couldn't have stood it unless I had had a lot of jazz tunes in my head that I could whistle in turn. When I whistled 'Bye Bye Blackbird' I was at the big football game where that tune had first hit me. 'Among My Souvenirs' brought back the last New Year's Eve party I was at."

"Sure," I broke in, "I know what you mean. I remember—" But Albert's look made me stop and I realized that he had said that he was speaking very seriously and wanted no interruption.

"You haven't been in the West," continued Albert in a superior tone that I had grown to dislike, "and you won't be able to appreciate the feelings that you go through out there. The physical torture of the first few days' stooking must be experienced; it can't be described."

Albert's many attempts to describe this physical torture had always exasperated me, but, but this time I let him go on.

"But," he added with jarring gravity, "the mental torture is twenty times harder to bear. There is first of all a feeling of isolation, even degradation, because you are nothing but a day labourer working for an ignorant farmer and doing a job that requires no brains whatsoever. Some of the time you can't help having the deepest conviction that you are nothing but a

(Continued on page five.)

The Novice

We publish below the prize winning poem of a recent contest conducted by the "Varsity", our sister journal of the University of Toronto.

O! mystic solitude of night
Within this holy place,
The taper dim—
The blessed star doth shed its light
To bathe my upturned face
In thoughts of Him—
My Lord, that liest cradled there,
Thou who art yet divine
In cattle stall,
Thou who dost hear my foolish prayer:
What in this heart of mine
Doth sobbing call?

Those tender arms that circle Thee,
What gentle secret theirs
To guard and store?
This glory that the shepherds see,
This joy that Mother wears—
Blind, I adore.

O! Jesu, wondrous Babe, could I
Discover even now
This mystery,
Would this that on my heart doth lie
Be sped? A holy vow
Remains to me.

From out the scented East, they say,
Three princes seeking came
With gifts so dear:
Accept, O! holy Babe, I pray—
Lo! starting at Thy Name—
Thy maiden's tear.

ANDREW ALLAN.

McGill Daily

THE OLDEST COLLEGE DAILY IN CANADA

Published every week-day during the college year at 690 Sherbrooke St. West. Telephone LANCaster 7141.

JOHN S. SMIT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
GEORGE BROWN MANAGING EDITOR
KENNETH BROWN NEWS EDITOR
S. B. SHAPIRO SPORTS EDITOR
G. H. FLETCHER ADVERTISING MANAGER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

L. C. Carroll, '29. R. K. Martin, '30.
W. K. Dunn, '29. P. Matthews, '31.
H. S. Fay, '29. R. A. Montgomery, '31.
S. Gold, '29. K. E. Norris, '29.
P. L. Lloyd, '29. D. R. Ogilvie, '31.
Norah Longworth, '29. J. R. Paterson, '29.
C. M. MacLeod, '32. S. N. Schacter, '29.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DEC. 20, 1928.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

It is with much pleasure that I respond to the request of the Daily for a Christmas message to the students of McGill before they leave for their mid-year holiday.

And first let me express the old-time wish to all for a Merry Christmas season. Some will spend it amid the comforts of home, others among friends and companions, or possibly in travel. Wherever the time may be passed I trust that true happiness will be the portion of all, that nothing may arise to mar the pleasure or to bring regret in after years. May your joy be of that kind "which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow."

And may the New Year, soon to greet us, be happy too and filled with profitable labour, so that you may experience the greatest of all satisfactions, viz., that which comes from the performance of work well done and of clear mastery over the difficulties and disappointments which you are sure to meet. Be it yours to encounter these with a stout heart and a resolute confidence which knows not defeat or failure.

So may the year 1929, and all the years to follow, be for each and you rich in blessing — bringers of the honour which always comes as a result of "acting well your part," however humble that part may be.

In all the relations of life, next year and every year, be "loyal to the royal" in yourselves, be true to the best that is in you and "it must needs follow as the night the day" that you will also be true to others, and above all to those who will ever follow your careers with the greatest solicitude, your parents, your teachers, your friends, and the University to which I feel sure it is your proud boast to belong.

J. A. NICHOLSON.

MODERN COMMUNICATION.

The marvels of modern research in the field of sound and voice communication were brought home forcibly to a distinguished audience, largely composed of prominent scientists, last evening when Sergius P. Grace of, the Bell Telephone Laboratories, described the recent developments in electrical endeavour.

An artificial larynx which enables people who have lost their larynges through surgical operations to talk, was one of the many instances described in which research has justified itself. On the commercial side the use of loading coils which permit currents to be revived while being transmitted from place to place, and telephone repeater have resulted in the saving of hundreds of millions of dollars and better service to the consumer. The reduction in the size of wires, and the treatment of cables with a special alloy of supermagnetised qualities were recounted as instances of the value of research.

The widely known "talking movie" is the direct result of Bell researches, as are the new methods for obtaining secrecy in message communication through the electrical inversion of words which may only be translated if a definite formula is used. His experiments in "delayed speech" and amplification also astounded his audience, much used as some of them were to novelties in the line of scientific research.

One wonders where the wonders of modern science are going to stop at hearing of such marvels. Mr. Grace spoke of the fact that some researcher has found that the atom partakes of nature of wave motion, a theory directly contradictory to the generally accepted theory that it is a particle of matter. Each new essay appears to upset and destroy what up till then has appeared unassailable. Whether the ultimate nature of matter, energy, space, time, and life itself ever become as open books to the scientist, the researcher will, in the words of Mr. Grace, "Go on to discover whatever the Creator allows to disclose." The power of man's mind over his environment has certainly taken a long step as a result of painstaking and original research on the part of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, with both the economic saving of countless millions of dollars, greater efficiency and service, and the satisfaction of purely intellectual curiosity, which, as the historian Trevelyan points out is the real life-blood of a true civilization.

A PLAY FOR PROFESSORS

For several years the students have entertained the professors lavishly with the Red and White Revue, the Choral society, the Players' Club. Now that Christmas has almost arrived and there is no Christmas entertainment, I have a bright idea. I suggest that the professors combine to give us a Christmas play, which I am sure all students would be willing to pay the full price to attend.

With this in view, I have composed a suggested Christmas pageant, and here it is.

JOHNNY BROWN'S CHRISTMAS

A pageant-play, to be given in Noise Hall by the professors and staff. Christmas eve, accompanied by Patrick's Physical Club orchestra.

SCENE: A house in Griffintown, complete with Christmas tree, artificial snow, artificial dirt and ghost. Last named has not yet appeared. The Brown family fill the room.

(THE BROWN FAMILY MEMBERS AND ASSISTANTS, DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH.)

(The curtain rises.)

MR. BROWN. My family, it approaches Christmastide. Let us sing one of the French-Canadian carols of the post-renaissance period.

JOHNNY BROWN. Boo-hoo, I'm so cold.
MRS. BROWN. Be philosophical, Johnny. Remember what Shakespeare said in 1598. Maybe Santa Claus will bring you a nice green coat.

MR. BROWN. Now, all together.
D'un viens tu, hergere, d'un viens tu?
MRS. BROWN. Stop! Where is our audience going? (They stop. Audience comes back.)

ALL THE BROWNS: (reciting.)
We wish you all good Christmas cheer
With turkey, pudding, skittles, beer
For we must go without, you see.
All we can have is a Christmas tree.

(Bells are heard in the distance.)
BELL RINGER Mr. H. GENTLEMAN.
ALL THE BROWNS:

Sweet music we hear,
It is drawing near.
(ENTER SEVERAL PIXIES.)

THE PIXIES (Professors of Faculty of Applied Science.)

FIRST PIXIE. I know all about electricity.
So I shall commence to illumine this tree.

MR. BROWN. (aside) Rotten poetry.
(CHRISTMAS TREE BREAKS INTO LIGHT.)
SECOND PIXIE. I am a chemical engineer, folks.
Filling the air with sweet odors and smokes.

(HE DOES SO.)
THIRD, FOURTH AND FIFTH PIXIES.
We are constructors, and presents we make
Working our hardest, and all for your sake.
JOHNNY BROWN. Goody, goody!

SIXTH PIXIE. (coming in late)
I fix the highways for Santa—and how.
Clickety-clack—why here he comes now!

(ENTER SANTA CLAUS AND ONE OR TWO DEPUTY SPRITES.)
(SANTA CLAUS, etc. The Department of Botany.)

SANTA CLAUS. Hello, hello, everybody! Gosh, I had a tough trip. My reindeer tipped me into a lake on the way down and I nearly got tied up in the spirogyra. But what do you think I have in my sack?

JOHNNY BROWN. (breathlessly). What, Santa?
SANTA CLAUS. Well, we'll see. (He opens sack and out jump three teddy bears.)

THE TEDDY BEARS Department of Zoology.
MRS. BROWN. The darlings!

TEDDY BEARS. We are little vertebrates,
Cheery little vertebrates
From the Northern Ice Estates
Where we dance at all the fetes.

(They dance, and audience claps loudly.)
(A whirr is heard outside.)

THE BROWNS. What is that whirr?
SANTA CLAUS. I know. Those are the big philanthropists arriving in their aeroplanes.

THE AEROPLANES Faculty of Dentistry,
with drills.
(Enter a social worker with a Garland he places Garland on the tree.)

(SOCIAL WORKER Department of Sociology.)
SOCIAL WORKER. Come this way, sirs. This is the family I have been feeding on buns and milk. They gained 54 pounds this month.

(Enter BIG BUSINESS MEN.)
BIG BUSINESS MEN Professors in Dept. of Commerce.

BIG BUSINESS MEN. (singing playfully)
I'm a little prairie flower,
Growing wilder every hour
Nobody seems to cultivate me,
K-I-W-A-N-E-E!

FIRST BUSINESS MAN.
We are boosting business men,
Leaving dingy office den,
Coming to this district murky
We have brought a Christmas turkey!

THE BROWNS. Hooray!
BUSINESS MEN. Hi! Chefs!
(ENTER CHEFS.)

CHEFS Department of Romance Language.
CHEFS.

Ze turkey will be ready,
Ze bright fire it has come
And then we serve it boiling.
Ah ha! Cr-runch! Yum yum!

(THEY GIVE A PARISIAN DANCE AND EXIT.)
FIRST BUSINESS MAN. While we wait, bring on the Spanish dancer.

(Enter Spanish dancer, and assistants with castanets.)
DANCER, ETC. Department of History.
DANCER. Whooop her up, Wolff!

THE THREE OF THEM.
I come from the land of Valencia
(Crash crash)
I dance like a puppet so high
(Crash crash)

And as may be surely expected
(Bang, bang)
It is not so long till I die
(Crash, crash)

(Dies)
FIRST BUSINESS MAN. Bring on the jesters.
(Enter jesters.)

THE JESTERS Department of Political Economy.
FIRST JESTER. (Delivers a comic song in sad voice.)

"Delayed and Inverted Speech" Demonstrated

Speech creeping slowly along a tightly wound spiral metal spring, resembling an ordinary screen-door spring, at a rate one twenty-fifth as fast as in air, comparable to slowing down an airplane to four miles per hour, is one of the curious and interesting recent developments of Bell Telephone Laboratories, which was shown yesterday by Mr. Sergius P. Grace, Assistant Vice President of the Laboratories, in a talk and demonstration before the McGill Chapter of the Sigma Xi Society in Moyse Hall. Over 600 people crowded the hall.

Mr. Grace spoke into a telephone transmitter connected to this spring and it was nearly two seconds before his words came out of the horns of the giant loud speakers that were installed on the stage. The telephone transmitter into which Mr. Grace spoke delivered its output to a loud speaker element whose driving rod, instead of being connected to a paper cone or diaphragm for sound reproduction, was attached directly to one end of the "speech delay" spring. In this way mechanical vibrations simulating the original speech waves were started down the spiral spring, arriving at the distant end about two seconds later.

At the extreme end of the spring there was connected another loud speaker element whose armature was vibrating by the mechanical impulses coming among the spring, thus causing the generation of electrical currents similar to the mechanical vibrations. These electrical currents were then amplified and led into the loud speakers.

Such "delay" systems have been developed by the Laboratories for use with long land telephone lines and also for transoceanic conversations where it is necessary to allow certain contact closing devices to operate prior to the actual transmission of the electrical speech waves. Such a system is in operation in the transatlantic radio circuit, but the speech is delayed only about two-hundredths of a second.

Mr. Grace also gave a demonstration of "inverted" speech, which is ordinary speech with the frequencies and vice versa. This "inverted" speech is unintelligible to a listener and is an interesting illustration of methods for obtaining secrecy in radio connections. Using modulators, demodulators and filters, Mr. Grace then proceeded to demonstrate that this "inverted" speech could be reinverted into the original English.

New languages may be developed with this device, Mr. Grace pointed out. As an illustration, he spoke the cryptic words: "Play-a-teen Crink-a-nope", which he said were "inverted" words for "Telephone Company". To prove that the apparatus he had brought with him from the Laboratories could translate these words, he spoke them into a telephone transmitter connected to one end of the "speech delay" spring, the other end of which was connected to the apparatus for translating the words into English. The "delay" circuit thus gave the audience a chance to hear his actual words before their automatic translation burst from the loud speaker horns. Two seconds after Mr. Grace had spoken the "inverted" words into the transmitter, there came loud and plain from the horns: "Telephone Company".

Mr. Grace told an audience enthusiastic over these demonstrations of "delayed" and "inverted" speech, about other products of the Laboratories that are in general use in the Bell Telephone System. Some of these have resulted in improved service with savings of hundreds of millions of dollars. In particular he described the functions of the loading coil and telephone repeater, which devices are being commonly used in the toll and long distance telephone lines of the country and enable telephone conversations to be carried over long distances in cable by wires no larger than an ordinary pin, whereas, under the old method of operation copper wires nearly the size of lead pencils were strung on poles to give equivalent conversations.

Mr. Grace also described the new magnetic metal, "Permalloy", recently developed by Mr. G. W. Elmen of the Laboratories' staff. This metal is a combination of cobalt, iron and nickel and is given a special heat treatment to bring out its supermagnetic qualities. It has what electrical engineers call a constant "permeability" over a wide range of magnetic force, and in addition, the electromagnetic energy loss in carrying this material through the magnetic cycle is only about one one-hundred-thousandth of the loss in the best grade of magnet iron.

Much of the research work of the Laboratories, Mr. Grace pointed out, had proved of value from purely a humanitarian point of view. Particularly, he described and demonstrated the artificial larynx, a product of the Laboratories which enables people who have lost their larynges through surgical operations to talk again. The latest type of artificial larynx developed by the Laboratories has a range of an octave. This permits a variation in the pitch of the speech tones and avoids the tone monotony of the earlier design.

In Bell Telephone Laboratories, according to Mr. Grace, 4000 are engaged in laboratory research and engineering for the benefit of the entire Bell System.

They all fall to, while members of the Faculty Club serve tea to the audience, at a nominal charge.)
BIG BUSINESS MEN. Come, some music!

(Enter waits, and heroic Romans with lyres.)
WAITS Faculty of Music.
Romans Department of Classics.

(There is discord.)
FIRST WAIT. You're out of tune, you wood head!

FIRST ROMAN. I ain't, you lyre.
(Enter four chefs, each with a Christmas pudding, which is hastily eaten. The third jester tells another story.)

EVERYBODY. That was a lovely dinner—er—oh! Oh!! Oh!! My stomach! (They all roll about on the stage, overcome with indigestion, etc.)

(In rush elves, with medical paraphernalia. They perform sundry operations on the sick ones.)
THE ELVES Faculty of Medicine.

EVERYBODY. (restored to health.)
And now out play is brought unto a close,
And we must find a moral, we suppose.
We'll give some sage advice with lots of good in,
"Don't put too many nickels in the puddin'".

STUDENTS WANTED

Alert men and women students can earn extra money during Christmas holidays by securing subscribers to The Canadian Mercury, Canada's new literary journal. Liberal commissions paid. Apply 20 St. James St. East, Room 48.

POWER'S PROMPT & PUNCTUAL PRINTERY Limited

All that the name implies

SERVICE

POSTERS, SHOW CARDS, COMMERCIAL PRINTING

HURRY JOBS OUR DELIGHT

HAR. 6535

511 ST. JOHN STREET

The A. B. Circulating Library

at the

BOOK NOOK

646 Sherbrooke Street W.

MONTREAL

Telephone LANCaster 8703

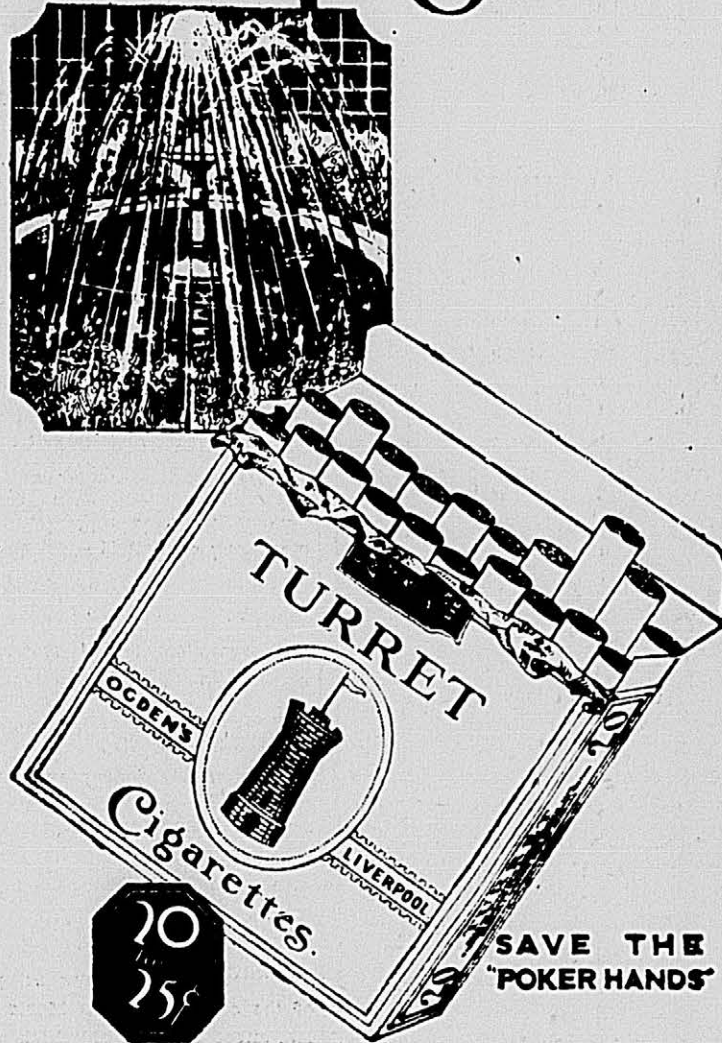
offers you first-class facilities for securing the latest and most popular books — in addition to the older works of favorite authors — for

2 CENTS A DAY and upwards

No effort is spared in keeping the AB Circulating Library Service up-to-date, and outstanding volumes of Miscellaneous Literature are included in the Library as published, in addition to the latest fiction.

You are invited to inspect the AB Circulating Library at the Book Nook, 646 Sherbrooke Street West, without obligation on your part. The Librarian will be delighted to give you any information you may require.

Mild and fragrant



Overseas Education League

1929

SUMMER

Overseas Education League

1929

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

6th ANNUAL STUDENTS' TOUR. Glasgow, St. Andrews, Edinburgh, English Lake District, North Wales, Ludlow, Bristol, Stratford-on-Avon, Cambridge, Norwich, London, Paris, Cherbourg. 67 Days

3rd ANNUAL SUMMER SCHOOL, FRENCH. Lycée Victor Duruy, Boulevard des Invalides, Paris. First 4 days of this course will be spent at Lisieux and the last week in London.

1st ANNUAL SUMMER SCHOOL in ENGLISH, providing for two weeks at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, two weeks at Stratford-on-Avon, and two weeks in London. 58 Days

14th ANNUAL TEACHERS' TOUR. Gt. Britain and France together with Switzerland (to include GENEVA at the time of the meeting of the WORLD FEDERATION OF TEACHERS' ASSOCIATIONS) and Germany. 58 Days

APPLICATION LISTS for both TOURS and the SUMMER SCHOOLS will definitely CLOSE on or before JUNE 1st, 1929.

APPLICATION FORMS may be secured from MISS HARVEY, Secretary Department of Extra-Mural Relations.

MAJOR F. J. NEY, Honorary Organizer

OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE 607 Boyd Building Winnipeg

JUST RECEIVED OUR XMAS STOCK

High Class Perfumes and Toilet Powders

Houbigant's, Coty's, Hudnut's, Godet's of Paris, France.

A VISIT IS SOLICITED

TANSEY'S PHARMACY

462 Sherbrooke W., cor. City Councilors

THE STREET PHOTO SUPPLY CO.

Take this opportunity of wishing the Professors, Students and Staff at McGill University

A Merry Christmas and

Happy New Year

Race Problem Is Theme of Lewisohn

THE ISLAND WITHIN: Ludwig Lewisohn. New York, Harper and Bros. Toronto, The Mussen Book Co. pp 350, \$2.

(By T. H. H.)

Readers have grown accustomed to look forward to something of interest when a new work by the author of "Upstream" is announced. Twenty-two printings within the short space of ten months is ample proof of the fact that "The Island Within" fulfilled their expectations. The same clear and forceful style, the same ability to arouse and maintain interest that marks his previous works are again found in the book now under review.

It is perhaps because he seems to have an uncanny understanding of the working of the Jewish mind—and one of the purposes of "The Island Within" is to prove that there is such a thing as a "Jewish Mind"—that Mr. Lewisohn has written so excellent a book. Others have tried to build stories around so-called typical Jewish families, dwelling particularly as Lewisohn has done, on what happens to these families after they reach the liberty-carpeted shores of North America, but none appears to have men with such great success. His thorough grasp of the subject at hand, his sympathy in dealing with it and a simple, unobtrusive yet convincing style, have placed Lewisohn first among those whose efforts have been directed to the writing of narratives concerning immigrant Jewish families.

"The Island Within" is a study, in novel form, of the social and psychological evolution of the old-world, ghetto-minded Jewish family of another day. The picture of Reb Mendel, his family, his colleagues and his surroundings gives the reader a particularly vivid impression of the loves and hates of a typical old-world Jew; his sensitiveness, his piety, and his continuous searching after knowledge.

Always careful not to overdraw the picture, Ludwig Lewisohn now brings us down to the second generation. He subtly describes the mental changes that are taking place in the descendants of Reb Mendel, and, possibly without expressly seeking to do so, lays bare the fact that such mental changes as have come about have been born purely of economic and social motives. In the second generation of Reb Mendel's family, the desire to be "acceptable" to their Gen-

(Continued on page five)

Balboa's Story First Told in New Biography

SAIIS AND SWORDS, By Arthur Strawn. Louis Carrier and Co., Montreal. \$3.50.

(By Kenneth H. Brown.)

"Sails and Swords" is the very appropriate title given to Arthur Strawn's account of the discovery of the Pacific by Vasco Nunez de Balboa. The author is to be congratulated on choosing an original subject—his book is the first English biography of Balboa—and also on his presentation of the subject-matter. While there are certain faults of style and arrangement of material, the story reads easily, and events follow one another in a natural and rapid sequence which holds the attention of the reader and diverts it from the faults of presentation which would otherwise be rather obvious.

The story itself concerns the life of Balboa from the time he first set out from Espanola as part of Enrrique's expedition to the time of his execution. His exploits as governor of the colony of Santa Maria in Darien, most famous of which was the discovery of the Pacific with a handful of men after he had notified King Ferdinand that he would need a thousand, are told with an historical precision which is the result of a great deal of careful research on the part of the author. Balboa's character is drawn in striking lines by the history of this part of his life—work, work, work, and the fruits snatched from by his summary replacement as governor by Pedrias, whose vicious conduct while in office provides a sharp contrast to that of Balboa. The power of the latter over his men is remarkably shown in the expedition from Santa Maria to the Pacific, when owing to the nature of the forest, it was impossible to proceed more than three miles a day. Not only did Balboa keep up the spirits of his men in this undertaking, but he had an unusual power over the Indian tribes which they encountered, on this expedition as well as everywhere else. These tribes were almost all hostile at the outset, but by judicious treatment instead of by indiscriminate grabbing of gold Balboa won their confidence and help.

As a psychological study of Balboa, the book is attractively bound and the print is excellent, but there are some typographical errors which mar the style. A certain abruptness in presentation is not altogether an asset to the style, but carries the story along with well-sustained interest.

On the whole, the book is well worth reading, both for the historical interest and originality, and for the romantic story which it presents.

JUST BY THE WAY

An organized book-reviewing department was first introduced by the McGill Daily last year, under the title of "The Book-Shelf."

It was felt at that time that students, immersed in classical and historical studies, find that very often their only real chance to keep in touch with contemporary affairs is through the medium of the newspaper column, and therefore it was argued, a digest of contemporary literature should be presented to them through their own student organ.

The venture last year was quite successful, and this year the same policy has been pursued by the Daily. The editors have fully realized that the only way to keep students keenly interested in such a feature is by presenting for the perusal only the best of books offered. Due to limitations of space and circulation, we have only reviewed about two books a week. But we have tried to select as carefully as possible from publishers' lists the books most likely to suit student tastes.

We hope that the column has advanced over that of last year. If it has, the only way has been by a more careful selection of books. In the New Year, we shall continue to exercise the same care, and hope thereby to bring new readers to the column.

the story is not quite so convincing. So many were the exploits to be recounted, and so scant the information available, that the story is perforce related in a somewhat sketchy manner, with character study of Balboa which would be very interesting were it available.

The book is attractively bound and the print is excellent, but there are some typographical errors which mar the style. A certain abruptness in presentation is not altogether an asset to the style, but carries the story along with well-sustained interest.

On the whole, the book is well worth reading, both for the historical interest and originality, and for the romantic story which it presents.

HUXLEY MAKES A DEEP IMPRESSION ON ENGLAND DESPITE HIS CYNICISM

POINT COUNTER POINT, By Aldous Huxley. Mussen Book Co., Toronto; Harper Bros., New York. 600 pages. \$3.00.

(By James P. Manion.)

In face of the adverse fire of criticism that has been aroused on this continent by Aldous Huxley's latest book, it is a doubtful pleasure to be unorthodox. He is called cynical, satirical, unkind, unsound, unhealthy; yet his literary ability, because it is unquestioned, is rarely mentioned: his analytical powers, because they are undoubted, are not considered. It always seems unfair to challenge an author on a few counts, while leaving out of question altogether those phases of his work which had previously made his reputation. This the American critics have been doing and such has been the fate of Huxley's "Point Counter Point" in America. In England it is the moment's best seller, due I imagine to the stolidity of the English critics who have been more inclusive in their judgment, and also to the weakness of our insular brethren's emotional stimuli. For Huxley battles against odds. He lacks sentiment. He is so thorough an analyst that he must always inquire the reason for his feelings, even for his passions. Does he unveil the reason d'être of his emotions? Therefore he is cynical. Does he place reason at the basis of existence? Therefore he is irreverent.

Certainly he produces a cold, bloodless, lifeless, cruel picture, one which our feelings abhor but our reason admires. For he discloses a scientific minuteness in his observations of thought and action. It is revolting to one's sensibilities; but so was Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason"; so were many of the other philosophies. Why, therefore, condemn the author simply for an attitude, simply for a point of view? He is guided solely by reason—

But I am wrong. There is one of the characters which Huxley treats sentimentally; that of Philip Quarles. As soon as I read over the troubles of the artist Quarles, I imagined that a close resemblance existed between the portrait and the author. Under the disguise of Quarles, Huxley seems to give free vent to his feelings—he is recognizing, in a sense, his own shortcomings, his own limitations, his own qualities and vices as a novelist. He is pitiless, he is logical, faultless in his deductions and therefore just as cruel as in his other portraits; and yet he is sympathetic. The man he describes is miserable and far from being agreeable; and yet he is human. We pity him, whereas, we disdain many of the other personalities. He understands himself and his feelings, and for the first time warms an appreciative reader.

Philip Quarles is even made to tell how he conceived of writing a book in which there would be a huge number of characters, all piecing together into a unitary whole. Was it Aldous Huxley preparing his dream "Point Counter Point"? It is evident that the book is a trial at such an effort, but equally evident that it does not come up to the level of the dream-book of Philip Quarles. And Quarles is desolate, disconsolate, despondent. He knows that he will not succeed—ever. Perhaps a personal prophecy?

Mr. Huxley's knowledge of human nature is amazing. His conclusions certainly could make no appeal to the emotions, but for the mentality, the book is a choice repast. The author is a scientist. We wonder what he would have done in the field of psychology, in which he seems to be particularly at home? As a novelist he is acknowledged. How would he be as a pure scientist?

Books For Everybody

All books reviewed
on this page to be
had from

The Poole Book
Store

2055 McGill College Ave.
MONTREAL.

Book Catalogue on Request.

Gilbert Parker Changes Scene

THE PROMISED LAND, By Sir Gilbert Parker. The Copp Clark Company, Toronto. \$2.00.

(By J. P. M.)

Efforts have often been made to popularize biblical tales, but none perhaps as ambitious as Gilbert Parker's "The Promised Land." Written in novel form, the story takes the most colorful of the Old Testament characters, and winds about them a more personal existence than we usually realize in these classical themes. He has not, like such satirists as John Erskine, used these old biblical myths merely to scoff at the virtues credited in them to a particular people—instead, he builds up about the virtues and the faults a wall of fabric which very nearly proves to us what the psalms of David had already merely recited. Our reverence for the characters described does not lessen, is often improved in fact by our realization, sometimes for the first time, that they were very much human.

The theme is well set into its own period by the fact that Gilbert Parker affects the style most in use when referring to the old days of Israel. Not exactly biblical style, but yet one which savors strongly of that reverent, tenth-century literature which culminated in the King James version. It therefore gives us all the effect which such a reading would produce in us. It is a rather curious phenomenon that, having heard of that biblical history in certain definite terms, and in no other, such style, such terms, are necessary to lend the atmosphere to the period. If Parker had not changed his usual easy, matter-of-fact, twentieth-century style, the story would, I am sure, make little impression upon our minds.

(Continued on page five)

SEX AND YOUTH, By Sherwood Eddy. Doubleday, Doran & Gundy, Toronto. Price: \$2.00.

(By F. W.)

Among the books on our Christmas book-shelf appears a very recent work on the problems of youth in the sphere of sex. Contemporary work of this sort is necessary to keep up with the newest findings of psychologists and physiologists where bodily functions are concerned, and this book forms one of the few acceptable treatments of the subjects.

Mr. Eddy is well-fitted for the present discussion, having had wide experience in the problems of companionate marriage, divorce and family limitation. His educational work has already covered a steadily expanding field, and he gives out generously of his knowledge relating to these problems in the present little volume.

The book has been designed primarily for college students, and deals with their problems. We cannot help thinking, however, that they are problems more of American colleges than our own universities, which, it may be remembered, did not react quite as favourably as was expected of them to the works of Judge Ben B. Lindsey. However, such books have undoubtedly by their use and although the reader may not agree with the ideas expressed, they may have a real value in adjusting one's living to a saner medium.

Reviewing The Fall Reviews

The following books have been received during the Fall season:—
Never Go Back—Boas.
The Art of Whistler—Pennell.
Listen to the Mocking Bird—King.
Good-bye Wisconsin—Wescott.
Canada and World Politics—Corbett.

James Wolfe—Waugh.
Harness—Gibbs.
The Search Relentless—Skinner.
Short Circuits—Leacock.
The Empress of Hearts—Berrington.

The Privacy Agent—Sandwell.
The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism—Shaw.
A History of Canada—Witke.
Rivers Run Into the Sea—Hutton.
Voltaire—Thaddeus.

Do We Agree—Chasterton and Shaw.
Point Counter Point—Huxley.
The Island Within—Lewisohn.

Money of Her Own—Banning.
All Kneeling—Parrish.
Sex and Youth—Eddy.

Ateliers—Chauvin.
Sails and Swords—Strawn.
Stone Desert—Wast.

The Promised Land—Parker.

Prize-Winning Argentinian Novel

STONE DESERT, By Hugo West. Translated from the Spanish by Louis Imbert and Jacques Le Clercq. Toronto: Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.50.

(By B. S. Pay)

There must be many people in this big money-making city of ours who are tired of the artificial and stinky sweets of civilization, who are conscious of being surfeited with the nightmare productions of modern "cleverness," whether expressed in cubist sculpture, futurist painting, the bedroom-scene play, or the Freudian novel.

Such people will like "Stone Desert." Simplicity is its key-note. The style and presentation are simple, the characters are simple country-folk unencumbered with imaginary complexities. The novel is by a rising Argentine writer, Hugo West, whose former work, "Black Valley," may have come to the notice of some Daily readers.

Back to a little hamlet in the remote Cordoba Sierras comes riding a sinister horseman, Roque Carpio, freed after twenty years banishment in Tierra del Fuego, punishment for the murder of his wife. In the sand at the margin of a stream he sees a girl's footprint. He goes on his way.

The story then turns back to describe the household of Don Pedro Pablo Ontiveros, a large landowner, and a decayed descendant of an ancient Argentine family. (Spanish authors seem partial to inverted openings to their works: one remembers the tremendous inverted opening to Dostoevsky's "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.") With "Uncle Pepablo" (as he is called) live his nephew, Milda, and the nephew's two sons, daughter, and mother-in-law.

The written sketches of the artists are very well done, but they at first appear as nothing but a background for the one hundred reproductions of the work of our Quebecers. These engravings are printed on glossy paper which takes a very finely (Continued on page five)

Quebec Artists Are Discussed

ATELIERS, By Jean Chauvin. Louis Carrier & Co., Montreal. \$5.00 paper; \$6.00 cloth.

(By J. P. M.)

Do not be scared away by the little disclosure that I am about to make, for no matter how it was written the book is eminently worth having. "Ateliers" is written in French. Despite this fact, many English students to whom I have shown the volume have expressed an unbounded appreciation of its merits. They endorse the publishers in their claim that it is the most well-published French Canadian book ever put on the market.

Mr. Chauvin deals with twenty-two Quebec artists, and does so in a charming and personal way. He goes right into the studio of the artist to whom he introduces us, and to this end, he must needs bring us with him. Every time we feel ourselves in the very presence of either a serious or a happy-go-lucky man who is making a name for Canadian art right in our midst. One day we shall enter a studio on Ste. Famille Street, the next we go to Mansfield or Labell Streets, the Ecole des Beaux Arts, or take the train to Chambly or Quebec. We are fascinated by the artists in the same way as Mr. Chauvin appears to be, for even though he has been among them for a great part of his life, his interest does not wane. He still recites their tales with a boundless enthusiasm.

The written sketches of the artists are very well done, but they at first appear as nothing but a background for the one hundred reproductions of the work of our Quebecers. These engravings are printed on glossy paper which takes a very finely (Continued on page five)

A MAN'S GIFT



Practical and Sensible

No man will criticize your gift if you allow him to exercise his own taste in selecting it.

A HENDERSON PRESENTATION HAT CERTIFICATE is your answer.

All Henderson hats are by the leading world makers—

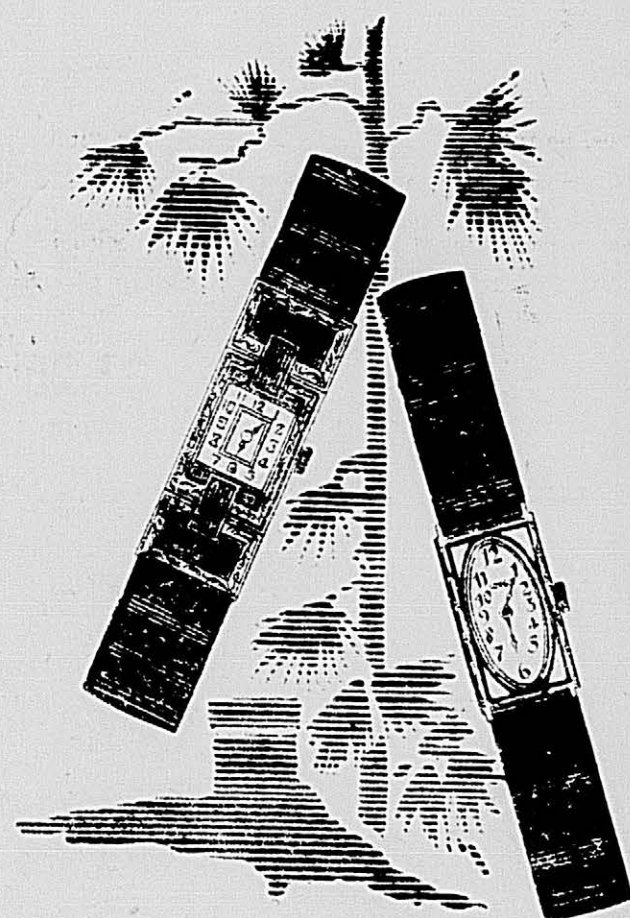
Scott & Co., Bond Street, London
and Mossant's, of Paris

Woollen and Plush Steamer and Auto Rugs are also a happy thought for the man who travels. We have them from \$25.00 up.

John Henderson & Co.

Furriers since 1834

QUALITY HOUSE, ST. CATHERINE STREET AT STANLEY,
MONTREAL, QUE.



Beautiful and Decidedly Smart

Latest designs in wrist watches, 18-kt. White Gold and Enamel. An ideal gift.

MAPPIN & WEBB
(CANADA) LIMITED
St. Catherine, West, at Victoria St., Montreal.

Store Hours: 9.30 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MONTREAL BOOK ROOM

IDEAL GIFTS

For College Men
to GIVE and to GET

BOOKS

of which we have All the Latest

Fountain Pens - Desk Sets -
Eversharp Pencils
Calenders - Diaries
McGill Cards and Seals

1455 MCGILL COLLEGE AVE. MONTREAL

"McGill Year" Is No Longer A Fable After Wins This Fall

The slogan "This is a McGill Year" already decided this fall, and the actual seems to mean something beyond a dream in the intercollegiate athletic world this season, after half a decade of "lean" years for red and white teams. McGill squads have won the lion's share of the championships.

One of the greatest places of learning
OLD HEIDELBERG OF EUROPE

One of the greatest places to Eat
OLD HEIDELBERG CAFE, Montreal

Corner of St. Alexander and Mayor
J. G. TINHOF, Manager.



Just a Few Suggestions
That May Prove Helpful!



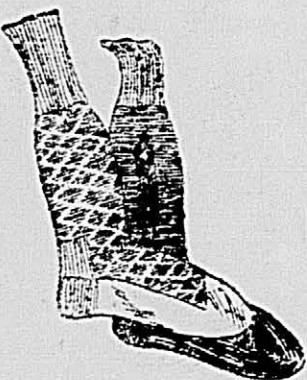
Gloves

Washable Deerskin
Gloves

\$3.50

Genuine Pigskin

\$4.50



Hosiery

Fancy Cashmere and
Light Weight Wools.
Newest Designs by
Jaeger

\$1.25

and up



Ties

Hundreds and
Hundreds of Wonderful
Ties for Christmas
Gifts

Very special at

\$1.50

and up



Silk Gowns

Rich Brocaded Patterns
Direct from London.
makes one of the finest
holiday gifts

\$21.00

and up

House Coats

Velvet, Silk or Light
Wool Coats

\$10. to \$25.

Gilpin
SHOP
of
FASHION-CRAFT
1005 ST. CATHERINE, W.

crowns as well. Varsity has annexed the laurels in two secondary sports, while R.M.C. and the University of Manitoba have each won a minor title.

The red and white athletes have this year gained football from Queen's and Track from Varsity, while at the same time retaining their prestige in Soccer and English Rugby. The blue men from Toronto stepped into the win column in Tennis and Golf, repeating in the former and ousting McGill at the links game. R.M.C. were easily the pick of the field in the Harriers run, although McGill had the satisfaction of being runners-up, ahead of Varsity. Manitoba outshot their opponents with the Rifle, but again McGill headed their old Queen's City rivals.

The surprise so far this year apart from the excellent showing of McGill has been the weakness of the tricolor, who lost their prized Rugby title and made a very indifferent showing in Track, Tennis and Harriers.

On the point basis, now in vogue, which gives 3 points for a major championship and three counters for a minor the standing is as follows:

McGill	16
Varsity	6
R.M.C.	3
Manitoba	3
Queen's	3
Western	0

The sweetest part of these triumphs from the McGill point of view lies, of course, in the victories on the gridiron and the cinder path.

As almost every red backer knows, the Rugby championship has been resting on alien hearth-stones since 1919. Similarly the Track title was not won for four seasons before this year.

It is indeed a most encouraging start and additional wins in any Hockey, Basketball, Water Polo, Gym and Swimming, would fill our cup of joy to the brim. Let's go Red Team!

Bright Season For Basketeers

On Saturday evening, February 2, the McGill senior basketeers will be at home to the Western University quintette in the redmen's first league fixture of the year 1928-29. Much confidence prevails around the McGill camp concerning the prospects of the red and white warriors this season.

Early in October when the first practices were held many difficulties faced Coach Van Wagner. There were a goodly number of defencemen on hand to contest the two guard positions, but there was an extreme scarcity of forwards to choose from. The inability of Fred Weldon returning in the centre position left a big gap to be filled.

All of these problems have gradually disappeared. Don Young, who has been rated as the finest centre in Canada, turned out and immediately showed that he had the makings of a great basketeer. Although at first unaccustomed to the other players Young rapidly worked in with the

DOWN TO BRASS TACKS

With L. S. B. Shapiro

EXIT 1328

In the realm of intercollegiate sport, the two weeks of Christmas holidays seem almost as long as the four months of summer holidays, at least it breaks up the continuity of sport just as effectively. Take, for instance, the football season. Until the Christmas holiday, football is still a pertinent and widely-discussed subject. The students return after the holiday with the subject of passes, onside and lateral, punts and bucks, almost magically erased from their minds. In December, football was just a month back, in January it seems five months away.

Even basketball and hockey, sports that are played before, during and after the Christmas holiday, seem to become new sports after the vacation. Perhaps it is because pre-Christmas games are usually practice games and that the regular intercollegiate schedules in these sports do not start until well on in the new year.

However, the fact still remains that with the advent of 1929, one definite period of sport closes, and another opens.

Let us look back then and review the sport situation during the fall season of 1928. There is little doubt that the past season has been an eventful one for McGill.

CREDIT THE FOOTBALLERS

A round dozen of weighty reasons for the success of the season may be found in the twelve men who represented McGill on the gridiron. For the first time since 1915....., but I suppose you have heard all about that before, so I won't bore you with the details. But the fact remains that this round dozen of rugby football players, together with another dozen men who aided and abetted, should get credit for affording us four good rugby spectacles, and the Yates Cup emblematic of the intercollegiate title. So when you are settled by the fireside in your favourite chair on Christmas eve, and pour yourself out a hooker of scotch, drink to the health of the men who wallowed through the mud of the Varsity stadium, who bucked the driving rain and mire of the Richardson's idyll, and brought into this lovely sunshiny city of ours, the Yates Cup.

ALSO THE TRACK SQUAD

Take the two dozen lines immediately above this, substitute "track men" for "football players," fill the above prescription, and save me the trouble of eulogising the cinder path performers.

INVADING NEW YORK AND BOSTON

The annual jaunt of the hockey squad to New York and Boston will be followed this year with greater interest than ever before. International sport has always carried with it a glamour denied national contests. With McGill playing such representative universities as Yale, Harvard and Dartmouth, and the movement for the formation of a league gaining in momentum, the outcome of the matches will be closely followed locally.

There is no need for a league in international intercollegiate hockey. American authorities are against leagues, and in view of some of our experiences in football, we too are inclined to oppose the formation of a league. A series of exhibition games with University of Toronto, University of Montreal, Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth and possibly one or two others, would give the hockey squad all the competition it needs, and afford the fans a few colorful hockey spectacles.

WE INSCRIBE IN THE COLUMN'S HALL OF FAME
S. Claus

redmen and on the last American trip displayed particular strength in his passing and floor strategy.

George Faulkner who is captain of the intercollegiate squad this year is showing improved form over last year. His performances at Dartmouth and Vermont left little to be desired. By the time the first intercollegiate tilt will be played, George should be setting a fast pace. Grossman is another who is greatly changed. His shots are finding the basket more frequently and his ball handling is much better.

Small, the plucky little forward who started the season on the city team and was taken with the first string men to Dartmouth has demonstrated that he is good enough for the intercollegiate contests. Small was unfortunate in being ill on the trip but has recovered and is now in

the city along with Church and McRice.

Silverman, playing his second year in senior company, is fast developing into a strong defenceman. This player has plenty of speed and can cover the floor rapidly. His work on the defence should prove a great asset to the redmen. Peiker, Calhoun and Feigenbaum are all good guards who can handle the best of them. Feigenbaum was one of the outstanding players on the intermediate team last year and was one of the reasons why the redmen went through such a successful season, finally emerging champions of the league.

Feigenbaum has demonstrated good floor generalship and as the captain of the red city squad should lead his men to many a victory.

Things certainly look brighter at the present day. Another trip is being made to the United States at the beginning of January, where the redmen will meet teams from West Point and Pratt Institute. West Point obtained a one-sided victory last year but the redmen feel confident that they can redeem themselves. The games with the two American squads should further help the McGill outfit in perfecting their form.

Coach Van Wagner, who has been sick in bed will again be with the basketeers on Friday. There will probably be several practices before the squad leaves for the U.S.A. The senior city players have been turning out regularly and are all in fairly good shape. They have a heavy season ahead of them and will see plenty of action when they meet the other cagers in the league.

Prospects for both teams look good. Last year two city trophies were captured by the redmen and should things go right a successful season lies ahead.

For the last five years McGill's representatives in the intercollegiate leagues have fought valiantly to recover the title held in 1923 and 1925, but each successive year brought disappointment to the redmen. In 1924 the limestone city college five captured the intercollegiate crown for the first time. The Toronto squad came into the limelight on the following year by winning the championship. Queen's, Western and Toronto held the title respectively for the last three years.

Will McGill again gain prominence in basketball circles as in 1923 and 1925? It is yet too early to form any opinion on the relative merits of the contending teams. The fight has always been close and this will probably prove the same this season according to the sparse reports of the titles of the various outfits.

When the redmen return from their Christmas tour they will probably present a changed appearance. This year a big M is being awarded to senior players. This shows the prominence which the game has achieved at this university and much interest has been noticed among the student body in the cage game. A big season looms ahead.

Potvin's

Men's Hairdressing
Peel at St. Catherine Street

Ladies' Hairdressing
1448 St. Catherine St. West.

Two Reliable Parlours

Ladies: Telephone UP. 1040 or 5528 and make an appointment.
Hair Trimming Now 50c

CELEBRATE! New Year's Eve AT THE Ritz-Carlton

Special Supper
Starting at 10.30 p.m.

DANCE & CABARET
from midnight

Breakfast Dance
in the Grill at 5 a.m.

DANCE MUSIC
by

"Iz" Aspler
and his

McGill Orchestra
Montreal's Favorite

Souvenirs and Favors

Make your reservations now and avoid disappointment

Any
McGill
student
or graduate
who
would
like a

McGill Blazer — \$15

or a

McGill Muffler — \$5

might
well
clip
this Ad.
and give

someone who is asking
"What do you want for Christmas?"

Very English Dress
Special Shirt — \$3.00
A Really Remarkable Value.

For Jackman
LIMITED

1441 ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST
MONTREAL
(IN THE KEEFER BUILDING)
Ottawa Branch, 107 Sparks St.

LECTURES OVER!!

Come to the

Union Tea-Room

To Day
AND HEAR

Stewart Hungerford
and his Orche-tra

McGibbon, Mitchell & Stairs
Barristers and Solicitors

Gilbert S. Stairs, B.C. John W. P. Ritchie
S. G. Dixon J. M. Johnson Jacques Senecal
W. H. Wilson

Royal Trust Chambers

107 St. James Street, Montreal

Cable Address "Montgibb"

MEREDITH, HOLDEN
HEWARD & HOLDEN

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

F. E. Meredith, B.C., LL. D. A. R. Holden, B.C.
C. G. Heward, B.C. W. C. Holden Jr.
P. P. Rutledge C. T. Ballantyne
W. C. J. Meredith F. T. Collins

355 St. James Street West

Montreal

QUEBEC ARTISTS ARE DISCUSSED

(Continued from page three)
screened copper plate, with the result that they are excellently executed, rich in tone, and although black and white, give a very realistic idea of the originals.
So much engraving work in a limited edition which sells at such a

reasonable price is surprising, and reflects great credit on the firm which has been patriotic enough to get out a volume such as "Ateliers". We would like to say very much more about the work which Louis Carrier and Company are attempting, for we feel like giving full credit to an energetic Montreal man who is making a name for his firm not only in Canada but in the United States as well. However,

ever, we are reviewing "Ateliers", and although all his efforts find a climax of expression in this book, it would not do it justice to say that the book depended chiefly on the publisher's part in its publication.

Mr. Jean Chauvin himself by his pleasing manner of treating his subject, has placed on the market an important manual for all art lovers. Most of the other schools of art have had their story recounted, but it appears that no true story of contemporary Quebec artists exists at the moment, and therefore Mr. Chauvin's work is particularly timely, and should give us a fuller view of the true national spirit which exists in our own particular art work. Practically all students who know anything about their own country have heard tell stories about the famous Group of Seven, but it is surprising to find the number of people who know nothing of Snider-Cote, Hebert, Pilot, Holgate, Walker, Coburn, Mailard, Gagnon, and all the others who make up our exceptionally long list of internationally-known artists. This book, to those who appreciate their own national culture, will be invaluable.

RACE PROBLEM IS THEME OF LEWISOHN

(Continued from page three)
The fellow-countrymen has taken firm root in the family. The fact that it took deeper root in one branch of the family than in the other is indicative of the magnitude of the mental struggle that must have been going on.
Finally, come the migration to the United States of America, the land of the free, etc., where greatly to their dismay, the descendants of Reb Mendel find that race prejudice is a thing not altogether unknown. And so in great America, the battle begins over again and with greater vigor, the desire to be American battling with the desire to preserve those principles and beliefs of Judaism commonly regarded as more cardinal.

Lewisohn's story of the boyhood and youth of Arthur Levy who now occupies the spot-light in the drama, is intensely gripping. The feeling of young Levy as each new wound is inflicted upon his boyhood pride are remarkably well described as are also his college days and his final attainment to the dignity of a high place in the medical profession.

Dr. Levy's more or less unsuccessful marriage with a young, gentle authoress is used by Ludwig Lewisohn to emphasise what he considers to be, as far as Jews are concerned, a great evil—intermarriage.

A novel of shattered ideals, of disillusionment and defeat, sombre, austere and tragic, "The Island Within" is yet stirringly dramatic and human, full of sympathy and understanding.

PRIZE-WINNING ARGENTIAN NOVEL

(Continued from page three)
Life that "Stone Desert" goes on to depict. After the first shock of the new rude life is over she becomes reconciled to its rough edges. She is convinced that her former disposition to fret was a declension caused by town-dwelling. "The Ontiveros family was originally from the country; it was to the country the grandchildren must return if they wished to save themselves. The tender vines of the garden need the branch of a wild vine to produce a vigorous plant. Marcela . . . wished to learn from these uncultured but mentally healthy people the secret of their simplicity and of other sobriety . . . and she sought to learn from them the serenity the patience and the courage to live in the hostile loneliness of the desert."
The book tells how she effects this; how gradually she becomes the mistress of the farm, glorying more and more in its progress; how she kills Roque Carpio, who, infatuated still by the footprint, tries to abduct her; how she finally falls in love with the stalwart son of an immigrant neighbour.

The descriptions in the book are very fine. The round up of the cattle, the coming of the great rain, the jaguar hunt, all the various events are vividly depicted. The opening picture, of the mysterious horseman riding through the white mist along an almost obliterated trail to seek shelter in the Cave of the Maimed Lion, is one that strikes deep and convincingly.

The character sketching, too, is effectively done. Dear old Uncle Pepallo with his predilection for the caramel-coloured wine, his hatred of socks, and his occasional spells of penitence; Midas, the would-be capitalist, labouring under the delusion that he is cut out to rival his more famous classical namesake; Na Looplodina, the servant, "built along the lines of a sergeant in the President's Guard"—these and many others are painted here, delicately, withal simply.

A word of caution to the reader. Do not apply the impressions of the people or the country you gather from this book to the whole of Argentina. Nothing is ever typical of anything, and Real de San Eloy is no more typical of Argentina than a Gaspé

GILBERT PARKER CHANGES SCENE

(Continued from page three)
As far as my own poor knowledge of the bible goes, Parker was not obliged to depend on a great many anachronisms to make his story, with its great array of well-known characters, fitting properly into a well-organized whole. The period itself is well-chosen, bringing in Saul, David and Goliath, Ruth and many others of the more colorful Israelites, whose portraits were culled for the most part from the Psalms of David. It includes the many snatches of exciting adventure which, even in their biblical entourage can well touch our imagination.

The novel is very well written and quite interesting. Canadians particularly should not neglect a book which is being hailed as one of the best works of that already famous Canadian author of melodrama, Sir Gilbert Parker. Anyone who has read "The Seats of the Mighty" will at once realize that another book by the same author must be a delectable treat to the partial reader.

A TUNE A DAY

(Continued from page one)
fool for giving up a soft city life for a raw existence among unfriendly people.

"When I got worked up to a point like this," said Albert, always looking at me with quick uncertain glances to see whether I was about to laugh at him or not, "the only way I could come out of it was by imagining myself in the comparative paradise of Montreal. And how did I work it? I just whistled one jazz tune after another and each one brought back an episode of its own. But sometimes when I had stopped whistling I would try to think of especially important occasions (like college banquets or summer vacations. The scene would be there. I could remember the shape of the Ritz Blue Room or the lake at Ste. Agathe, but the image in my mind would be lifeless. It did not elate me, like the images recalled indiscriminately by the jazz tunes.

"I may have told you already," acknowledged Albert, "that I only worked three days on this first job. You remember—I told you that when I went to bed the second night, I said to myself that if I lasted through the next day it would be my last, and I would get the farmer to take me into town, and I would either buy a first class ticket to Montreal or ride the freight depending on the way things turned out.

"You've never done any real hard physical work," Albert stated with that cold air of superiority which he could assume, "and you can't understand how lack of brain-work for a man who usually uses his brains only can affect his mind. I found that when I did not have to think about the job, the wheels of my brain kept going around anyway and I made one desperate resolution after another, even going so far as to plan the perfect crime of murdering the boss. When I came to go to bed at night, even when I was so weak that I could hardly stand, by brain was still spinning at full speed. I tossed and thrashed around that bed all the second night, my head filled with the most fantastic notions.

"I had already determined to go home the next day, and I spent half the night working out a reasoned justification for this course. Then I began to think of my motives for coming West, the years of planning and anticipation, and the resolves that I had made to stick around through the whole harvest, even if it was as hard as they had told us. Yet this thought was unable to overcome the present reality. I would go home tomorrow, but I ought to have something to show. The funny thing was that already by the middle of the night the physical aches were beginning to ease up, and I was almost admitting that the work was not so bad. I realized that if I left tomorrow, the conviction in my mind of the impossible difficulty of the work would be beaten down back in Montreal by the scoffing city folk to whom I would have to tell my story. I must be so sure of the torment of stooking that I could convince everybody who might think I was a weakling for coming home so soon, that the work really was hard.

"I tossed around for several hours, and gradually there sprang into my whirling brain the idea of deliberately setting out to remember the feeling of stooking by concentrating on one tune. When I awoke next morning after a short sleep, oddly enough my new idea was uppermost in my mind. I went out into the field at seven o'clock with only that one clear thought.

"The suitable tune occurred automatically and I began to concentrate on 'Hallelujah!' a piece that had always fascinated me though I had not sung it much. I whistled it, hummed it and sang it all day, and marched by it from stook to stook. It stimulated me when I hadn't the real strength to keep on working, and I kept time to it as I staggered to the house that night.

"What has been the result? When fishing village is of the Canadian prairies.

ever I hear that tune now, even after a year, the physical and mental torture of stooking leaps up in my imagination in full vividness. I have a picture of the yellow undulating expanse of stubble, and the horizon ten miles away on every side, and the toy trains that rattled by in the distance each day. When I am alone and want to call the picture to mind, I just look up the card index of my memory and find that to build up the illusion of stooking and all that goes with it, I am to whistle 'Hallelujah!', and the image is immediately present full grown.

"I quit the job that night as I had decided to do. The farmer didn't say much, but drove me into town next morning. He had a kinder heart than his rough exterior had led me to believe, and got me a job with another farmer who was willing to hire me on a piece-work basis, so much per acre stooked. By this arrangement I was able to work for this man stooking and threshing till it was time to go back to college.

"I put my theory seriously to test. Each new series of circumstances and each new person I met, I associated with some popular tune that was going around. Here is one place where the transitory nature of jazz pieces comes in handy. These pieces come out by the dozen, and no matter how good they are they only have a limited life.

"I remember that first Saturday night in town. A bunch of us went into a drug store for some magazines. The druggist had some little tinny gramophones that he was selling for eight dollars, and he kept one of them going all the time we were in the store, playing a piece I'd never heard before: 'Fifty Million Frenchmen Can't Be Wrong'. The result is that I have only to whistle it and the whole recollection of that Saturday night in the prairie town comes back—alive! I remember all the farmers and their wives from fifteen miles around parading Main Street in a solid mass, their cars completely filling the parking space, the stores doing a rushing trade, and everybody happy.

"During that month I made it a policy to think of one tune with the farmer's wife, another with the boss, another for the three children. The farmer used to take his youngest child on his knee every night and sing the only song he knew, 'Yes Sir That's My Baby.' So now that tune recalls the farm kitchen at meal-time.

"One morning the boss tried to teach me to harness horses in preparation for threshing. After that I had presence of mind enough to hum and whistle nothing but 'Horses!' whenever I was harnessing the team. Now when I walk along Sherbrooke Street and see a fine pair of bays on an ice-wagon, I think 'Horses!' and my memory goes back so vividly to my struggles with the straps that beads

of sweat stand out on my brow. That's how efficient this memory scheme of mine is."

By this time I observed that Albert and I were sitting on a bench in Dominion Square. He stopped speaking and was staring at the upper windows of the Windsor Hotel. Having nothing else to do, I began whistling.

"That'll be it!" exclaimed Albert. "What'll be what?" I asked, looking up quickly toward the upper windows. "That piece you're whistling will do to remember this afternoon by! Albert said eagerly: "Ten Little Miles from Town".

BOWEN'S RESTAURANT.

1216 Peel St.
Operated by
Bowen's Limited

"The most of the best for the least."

PRINCESS

All this week twice daily 2.30—8.30

Canada's First Superfeature Production

Carry on Sergeant!

And personal Appearance of

CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Evenings 25c to \$1.00 Matinees 25c to 75c

MAY the bright
Yule-Star direct all
happiness and prosperity
to your door
... as it directed the
Wise Men of Old,
to the lowly manger,
1928 years ago.

BIRKS
PHILLIPS SQUARE

Silver-smiths
Gold-smiths

Diamond Merchants
for Half a Century

COAL

ANTHRACITE, CANNEL COAL, ETC.

Farquhar Robertson Limited
360 Notre Dame St. West. Tel. MAin 4610

See Twite For Typewriters

New and Rebuilt of All Makes
Both Standard and Portables
Special Proposition for Students

TYPEWRITER & APPLIANCE Co. Ltd.
752 St. Peter. LAnc. 9237-9866

THE OLD STANDARD

**Windsor Hotel
Barber Shop**

LOUIS DECELLES

Proprietor



Have that feeling of being on top
TUXEDOS FOR HIRE
AND FOR SALE
for every function
GOODMAN'S
Haberdasher
3113 St. Lawrence Blvd. (2 doors above
Sherbrooke)
LAncester 6930

The Tooke Shop

featuring
To-day

700 PAIR OF MORLEY'S ENGLISH

SOCKS

\$1.50

24 Different Colors or Patterns

Purchased in England, specially for Christmas
Gift Shopping, attractive, serviceable, half hose,
made by Morley, renowned throughout the world
for the quality of their products.

Full-fashioned, pure Botany yarns and a range of
twenty-four different patterns and colour combinations. Large and small designs—ultra smart.

The value is exceptional. Each pair in an
attractive Gift Box.

R. J. Tooke Ltd.
MONTREAL

Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel
PEEL AND ST. CATHERINE STREET

AND SO TO BED

(Continued from page one)

night nurse was changed. They had the same name. But why should he worry he has a bevy of girls that come to see him. They flop all over the bed, comb his hair, see if his hands are clean. One, especially, lays face down on the bed and beats a gentle rhythm in the air with her legs. I guess they must either be his sisters or run with his gang. There's about six of them. His big brother is there most of the while with them. But after all that hulla baloo is over another little girl comes stealing in, takes a chair right close to his head and just smiles. No wet, mushy greetings like the gang. Their eyes meet. It is enough. The sparkle would stir any dying mistletoe to full bloom. Her head goes on his pillow, quite close to his. There's not much said, a few sighs, hands held for a minute, an hour goes and she goes too. That's a person who knows how to visit yet at No. 23, there is just about as much said but it is a miserable visit to watch. Old S— seems to have exhausted.

"Look here, please make definite pause in your case histories or I'll be giving entertaining daughters to Young Mac, and Christmas cheer to S—"

"Well, S— No. 23, his skin is turning color to match his name. Seems to be a jack in the box. Has two movements repeated at frequent intervals in divers directions. Out of bed, pants on, or pants off, into bed. He used the former to great advantage when he sees the third year students coming along. He knows they won't look at, and tap at, and press at him when he's out of bed. All clear comes and he pops back, takes a suck of his oxygen and snores a sound sleep. His visitors are few and far between, all male. They will sit for five minutes and then some sudden sharp ebullition starts a whirling and milling of restlessness that would shame any Punch and Judy Show. A relapse, and a complete and drawn silence, painful to watch, neither appears to be thinking of the other, faces are blank, perhaps S— will have another suck of oxygen to fill in the time, another exhibition of lagarde-mad and the visitors leave. S— performs operation number one, i.e., gets out of bed, puts on his pants and has an enjoyable smoke. Diagnose him and you'll do more than most people can."

"He seems that he will present a hard case, as Christmas doesn't come in his line. Who's next?"

"No. 27, Oh that's John, specialises in capacity crowds. I believe he's Greek for there was a quaint dear old lady dressed in pretty native costume who came to see him not so long ago. The way he handles those crowds seems to point to his being either an Athletic manager to some Football Team or a packer of sardines. He's useful because Sa-fy in the next bed doesn't "spik English verra mooth." To see a triangulate discourse between 27, 26 and a nurse is as humorous as the League of Nations at Geneva. The thing to give 27 is a college education and if he doesn't make the football team he'll easily make the Rusty Key or Athletic Board. At present the fifth year man that looks after his history and stuff walks about as though he owns the ward. President of some society or other. The nurses gather round him like hens round the barn yard cock."

"Then do you think my attention should be on 27 or his immediate surroundings?"

"Well, that's up to you, but let's peruse No. 26, one Sa-fy, as previously noted. He took the bed that was vacated by Old Mac. I dare say Bed No. 26 would tell some tales but this one about Old Mac bears repetition. He was very far gone and they called in the priest for the last rights. Three o'clock in the morning and a unique stillness. Said the priest with head nearly touching Mac's "Do you know me?" "Ike Feigenbaum" came Mac's reply "You will soon be a dead man" said the priest. No reply from Mac.

"I'm going to give you extreme unction" said the priest. "Extra unction" echoed Mac. "Are you prepared?" said the priest. "Let's go" said Mac. They went. Mac hadn't been soothed at all that evening for being Sunday some most earnest folk, very anxious about the souls of patients, had crashed the ward and sang about gathering at the river and not being night. If enthusiasm meant good singing it would have been alright, but it didn't. Even those who recognised the words were lost for the tune. Mac had pitched and tossed, and lost capital in the end. The most fervent of the band came and attacked me, after his singing about my sinistral soul. I capitulated for—"

"Look here. What bearing has this upon my visit?"

"Well, it gives some insight as to the general atmosphere of the patients and you might give those sing-

ers something for Christmas, that would keep them quiet, which would help the patients. As I said, I went under the gas attack of ardent soul winner. It lasted half an hour and I wanted to know something of the basic things he was speaking about and he was all het up himself. All the churches seem to visit the people. R.C.'s have their priest, there's an Anglican Chaplain, a Rabbi comes, the Orthodox man comes to see John and Sa-fy, the Baptists have that Sunday contingent, the Uniteds have a missionary but the Presbyterians don't seem to have put in an appearance yet. You might see what you can do for them? But I haven't said much about 26 have I? I think he's got the Christmas spirit alright. Orders a barrel of fruit from his corner store for the rest of us in the ward. He'll have a real Christmas, will Sa-fy."

"It's a long jump from 26 to 5, and even 5 is empty but he is or was a factor in our community here."

"I can't give presents to empty beds?"

"No. But you can make a memorial to a long suffering, uncomplaining mortal. Rotting at the lungs from gas after serving his king and country he was dying an unhonored death in the greatest of pain. The night they took him away I felt happy but No. 4, was just where he did not know. No. 4 takes the cake for patients."

"How long is his history going to be, for you seem primed to shoot?"

"I could say more than you would care to listen to but I would not bore a patient listener. He came in with Lord-knows-what and after talking a while finds that he has more diseases than the doctors know or have known. Die? of course he's going to die and he knows it, at least he thinks he does. No little whim too small but he's bawling, no little pain so slight but he's dying. At night his is the low doleful dirge that keeps the fever awake and chants the lived to sleep. At times they have to quieten him, like tonight. When they took No. 5 out, they took him out about ten minutes later and he thought it was for the same reason. Lord, you should hear him bellow. He went out in the ice box to keep him cool. Seems to be a man who has always had his own way and never been ill before. Must always be in the know. Rather brusque and not always acceptable he bribes his way to everything by cigars and cigarettes. Even the doctors are not left out, but students he holds in disdain. His wife, the second I believe, is most persistent in her visiting and she doesn't cheer him up any. Guess he's glad in a way to be away from home. Why will some people all preach like me. It must hurt other people. Of the two sons of Adam No. 4's name rhymes with the one who was notable. Irish and roud of it hegoral! God save Ireland. Please make him meek."

"I'll do my best."

"Next comes No. 3 the Bed of the whole ward. Why? because Charlie L— was there for awhile. What? You don't know Charlie? You don't say you only saw the M.A.A.A. play football this fall. It must have been hard on you not to see Charlie lead his team to victory. That's what makes the bed so famous. Charles out now and No. 2 is a pneumonia who's only just in. Do your best for him."

"I'll have to make enquiries at the office about him."

No. 2 is a conundrum. College student in a way, should have been an ordinary layman for he does not seem to fit in anywhere. Supposed to be ill best the doctors can see by his face that he's only fooling and malingering so that he may get off his half term's. Poor fellow he'll get them all the same. Hear his cough, that's not bronchitis only smoker's cough. The nurses get through with

him as quick as they can. He's a pest. Meaning about everything and everybody in general. Hope the doctors soon put him out. Had a relapse, wish he'd never recover. Talks loud, thinks he's the whole cheese. Someday it will dawn upon him. He and No. 4 a good pair."

"What shall I do for them then?"

"For heaven's sake make them sane and sensible, able to see reason at times."

"Well, how about yourself No. 1?"

"Oh thank goodness I've only got tonsillitis with bronchitis, inclined to be pneumonic and tending towards flu with 103d. up and—look out here comes the night Superintendent—Gee, that was close."

"Well, I better say good bye—thanks—oh I say what about the nurses?"

"Don't you know how to treat angels?"

CAROLS OF NOEL

(Continued from page one)

Maira Nanini, who died at Rome in 1607, has left us a magnificent example, in the form of a motet—"Hodie Christus Natus Est"—in the course of which he introduces the exclamation "Noe, Noe" with striking effect, and Luca Marenzio published a similar composition adapted to the same words as early as 1588.

As Du Carroy's collection was contained in a posthumous volume, it would perhaps, be impossible now to reconcile the claims of the rival composer as to priority of invention; though the French Noels will of course bear no comparison with those written in Italy in point of excellence. Still it is only fair to say that the Italian composers seem to have excited no spirit of emulation among their countrymen; while, for more than a century after the death of du Carroy, collections of great value appeared from time to time in France; such as (Jean Francois Dandrieu's Suite de Noel) published early in the 18th century. Noel Borguignon de Guiborcia, 1720; Traduction des Noels Borguignon 1735; Nouveaux Cantiques Spirituelles Provençaux Avignon, 1750 and many others.

The history of our own English carols has not yet been exhaustively treated; nor until very recent years has their music received the attention which it deserves. In no part of the world, has the recurrence of Yuletide been welcomed with greater rejoicing than in England and as a natural consequence, the Christmas carol has obtained a firm hold less upon the taste than the inmost affections of the people. Not to love a carol, was to proclaim oneself a churl. Yet not one of our great British composers has until very recently devoted his attention to this subject. We have few English Noels like those of Eustache du Carroy. Possibly the influence of national feeling may have been strong enough early times to exclude the refinements of art from a festival, the joys of which were supposed to be as freely open to the most unlettered peasant as to his sovereign, but be that as it may, the fact remains that the old verses and melodies have been perpetuated among us for the most part by the process of tradition alone, without any artistic adornment whatever. But for the recent efforts made by Von Williams, Bridge and others of the modern English school, who are doing much to revive the old English carols, it is not improbable that in these days of change, that they would perish. We cannot believe that the famous Boarshead carol, Caput Apri Defero, would ever be forgotten at Oxford. The fine old melody sung to God Rest You Merry Gentlemen, possessing as it does all the best qualifications of a stirring hymn tune, will probably last as long as the verse with which it is associated. But the beauty of this noble tune can only be fully appreciated when it is heard in polyphonic harmony, with the melody placed according to the invari-

able custom of the 17th century, in the tenor. A good collection of English carols so treated would form an invaluable addition to our store of popular Church music.

The best as well as the most popular of English carols of the present day, are translations from well known mediaeval originals. The Rev. J. M. Neale has been peculiarly happy in his adaptations among which are the long established favorites "Christ was born on Christmas day" "Resonet in Laudibus" "Good Christian men Rejoice and Sing" (In Dulci Jubilo) "The Royal Day That Chases Gloom" (Dies Est Laetitiae), and "Good King Wenceslas Looked Out" (Tempus Adest Floridum), though the legend of Good King Wenceslas has no connection whatever with the Latin verses.

Of modern carols, in the straight sense of the word, it is unnecessary to say more than that they follow, for the most part, the type of ordinary part song.

THREE CAMEOS

(Continued from page one)

every few seconds and consider themselves a match for any heavenly constellation.

They are mostly in couples, this crowd, a man and a woman, or a lady and a gentleman, bent on pleasure. They pass slowly along the street, converging in a solid mass outside the picture theatres, and attracted like moths to a candle flame by the jewellers' windows; the women happy, eager or bored, but contriving to look pleased; the men happy, eager or bored, and failing to conceal it. They chatter, these people, and little scraps of conversation float past one's ears, senseless scraps usually, useless perhaps, but yet so useful, pleasant for the most part, or an argument, a heated one, and the rest a general hum mingling with the shuffling of feet.

There are others in this crowd besides couples. There is the late-working clerk returning home; there is the lounge sauntering up and down; there is the lady of profession casting oblique glances; there are others hurrying to and fro whose business is less easily discernible, those people who pass by in any city, at any time, whither and whence no man knows.

And overhead the moon still lies in its cradle of clouds and stares earthward, wondering in its wise simplicity at the folly of men.

Union House

The Union Cafeteria will be closed from Friday, Dec. 21st till Thurs. Jan. 3rd, inclusive. The Union will be closed on Christmas and the New Year week-end.



Of Persuasive Gift Charm

It may be one co-ed choosing for another.. or a grave senior wanting something unique.. Robt book-ends or a poetry-fest of Edna St. Vincent Millay's new "A Buck in the Snow"... no matter. EATON arrays make it the easiest thing in the world to come to a gift-decision.. whether one selects for chum, the family circle or the girl of your affections. For instance:

For Her

Beauvais embroidery bags, Main Floor
Jewellery, Main Floor.
Robt pottery, Basement.
Fur-lined gloves, Main Floor.

For Him

Sweater sets, Main Floor.
House coats, Second Floor.
Canes and umbrellas, Main Floor.
Jewellery, Main Floor.

Store Hours 9 A.M. to 5.30 P.M.

No Night Shopping.



THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
OF MONTREAL

It is our pleasure and our privilege once again to wish Old McGill, — professors and students —

A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

A pleasure and privilege we look forward to for 1929 is that of continuing to supply your taxi wants.

The Diamond Taxicab Association
Limited

Plateau 3221

Plateau 3221

The House of Hospitality

New Year's Eve

THE Windsor
ON BAYVIEW SQUARE

"The atmosphere breathes welcome and comfort and the many rooms are full of merriment."

ENTERTAINMENT

MUSIC .. DANCING .. FAVOURS .. SOUVENIRS

SUPPER FROM TEN-THIRTY.

TEN DOLLARS PER PERSON.

WINDSOR HOTEL DANCE ORCHESTRA
DIRECTION - - - DANNY YATES

RESERVATIONS: MAITRE D'HOTEL

OFFICE NO. 9 UPTOWN 2880